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MEMORIAL

OF

Mrs. HARRIET W. DUTTON.

MEMORIAL

OF

MRS. HARRIET DUTTON,

WIFE

OF

SAMUEL W. S. DUTTON,

PASTOR OF THE NORTH CHURCH,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY.

NEW HAVEN:
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1864.

Harriet Waters, the daughter of Asa Waters, Esq., and Susan (Holman) Waters, of Milbury, Mass., was born August 18th, 1814. She was married September 12th, 1838, to Rev. Samuel W. S. Dutton, who had been ordained, in the previous June, Pastor of the North Church in New Haven, Conn.; and she died in the noon of the Lord's day, July 3d, 1864, aged (nearly) fifty years.

Her body sleeps in Jesus in the beautiful Cemetery at New Haven, (in a lot at its southeastern corner,) and there will rest under the Redeemer's care till the morning of the resurrection. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

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ADDRESS

AT THE

FUNERAL OF MRS. DUTTON,

IN THE

NORTH CHURCH, NEW HAVEN,

BY

REV. S. G. BUCKINGHAM,

OF

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Rev. Mr. Buckingham was Mrs. Dutton's Pastor, and officiated at her marriage. He was the classmate, and has been for more than thirty years the intimate friend of her husband, who performed the same sad service for him at the funeral of his beloved wife, Harriet (Taylor) Buckingham, in Springfield, eight months before.

ADDRESS.

If we had no faith in Christianity, this would be a scene of deep and unmixed sadness.

This lifeless form, which we never expect to see again, animate with intelligence and kindness, and moving among us as it has been; these mourning friends, who so leaned upon her counsels and found such satisfaction in her friendship, but can never hope for such a privilege any longer; this sympathizing community, who have received for so many years her ministrations of charity and piety, and are to appreciate their worth as they miss them beyond recovery; to know that "she shall return no more to her house, neither shall her place know her any more," and that "till the heavens be no more, she shall not awake, nor be raised out of her sleep;" this would fill us with inconsolable grief, did we not believe in the revelations of Christ our Lord, and cherish Christian hopes concerning her.

We remember how our Lord once entered a company of mourners like this, and bending over such a

lifeless and beloved form, comforted them by saying, "Weep not—she is not dead, but sleepeth."

Christianity represents the death of the saints as only sleep—"David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God fell on sleep, and was laid unto his fathers, and saw corruption." Stephen prayed for his murderers, and commended his departing spirit to his Saviour, "and when he had said this, he fell asleep." When our Saviour was crucified, among all the solemnities that attended that event, it is recorded that "the graves were opened, and many bodies of saints which slept, arose." They are not spoken of as dead, but only sleeping. And if death is to be regarded as destruction—the extinction of being—the end of all consciousness, and activity, and enjoyment, they are not dead. They have, indeed, laid aside their cares, and forgotten their griefs, and are resting from their labors, as business men lay aside their cares, and children forget their little troubles, and the laborer rests from his toils, when they fall asleep. But they are still alive, and as capable as ever of activity and enjoyment. And if you will wait till to-morrow comes, you shall find this one at his business, and that one at his sports, and that one at his toils, and all just as active, and eager, and diligent as ever. So the pious dead have not perished, but still live;—live with Christ in Heaven;—live to enjoy his friendship there, and to serve him there;—live a nobler and an immortal life, and one that is as holy and as blessed, as it is enduring.

Even these poor bodies, which are beginning to see corruption, and will finally be mingled with the dust of the earth, shall be recreated and made indestructible, and adapted to a higher state of existence, and made a fit residence for a sanctified soul, made "like unto Christ's glorious body." Such are the blessed teachings of our Lord, and of His Apostles. "I am the resurrection and the life—He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live—And whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die." "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

1. The pious dead rest from their cares and labors.

Every Christian life has had more or less of anxiety and toil in it. There have been duties to perform, and responsibilities to meet, and they have often been perplexing and burdensome. What a weary life many have had of it! They cannot have lived so many years, and been so faithful, and so useful, and been so profited by their discipline, and so sanctified by their privileges, without using carefully those privileges, and submitting themselves patiently to that discipline, and being conscientiously devoted to every work to which God called them. And it would be strange, if they were not sometimes weary in that work, though never neglectful of it. They are like tired laborers, who toil

on through the long and sultry summer's day, and as long as the daylight lasts, and the weather is favorable, do their utmost to gather in the golden harvest;—still, who can blame them, if they watch the west, and sometimes think the sun sets slowly, and are glad when it sinks below the horizon, and they are called home. And when death comes to the toil-worn saint, it is just as welcome. There is rest now for the toiling hand, and relief for the aching brow, and peace to the throbbing heart. What they have acquired of goodness remains, and what they have accomplished of usefulness survives them, and their influence will still live. But their work and care cease at death: They "rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

2. They also find relief from their sins and sorrows.

There is no sin in Heaven, where they have gone. "There shall in no wise enter it anything that defileth, or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." There is no wicked society there, and none of its corrupting influence. There are no earthly temptations, and no such solicitations to sin. There are none of the bodily appetites and passions to ensnare them. And, on the other hand, there is the Divine Presence in all its glory, and the Saviour's love in all its manifestations and attractiveness, and in saintly and angelic society, and with the discipline of life all ended, and the work of sanctification completed;—and with the Saviour's promise to keep them from falling, and let none "pluck them out of his hand;"—they have no more to fear from sin and Satan.

Nor have they any more occasion to fear sorrow. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." That must be heaven, where no one turns aside to weep! There can be no want there;—no pain there;—no remorse there;—no torturing anxieties, no blasted hopes, no unrequited love, no bitter bereavements;—no accident, no sickness, no dying—nothing to call for grief. And if the memory of the past should call up tears, the Saviour stands ready to wipe them all away. Is there such a home for those who endure such suffering here? And shall these pious souls, who now live here in poverty, and suffer from sickness, and weakness, and infirmity, and endure wrongs, and oppression, and persecution, ever attain to such felicity? And will such felicity ever be the result of such suffering?—the delicious fruit of such bitter seed? "What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?" asked the angel, who pointed out to John that blessed company. "And I said unto him—'Sir, thou knowest.' And he said unto me—'These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple. And He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in

the midst of the throne shall feed them, and lead them unto living fountains of waters. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.' "

3. The pious dead have also gone to be with Christ and his saints in Heaven.

For a Christian to be "absent from the body," is to be "present with the Lord." This was what made the Apostle so "in a strait, to depart and be with Christ," which he regarded as "far better" than to abide in the flesh, though it might be needful for himself or for others, that he should remain longer here. But when the hour of the Christian's release has come, and his prison door is thrown open, he issues out of it as willingly as the prisoner goes forth from his gloomy cell into bright sunshine and blessed liberty. He is like an uncaged bird, that seems happy and sings sweetly while confined, but no sooner is its door left open, than it flies out and mounts to heaven with fleetest wing, and in perfect ecstasy, as if the blue sky and the broad earth were its only proper home. Heaven is the Christian's home, and he never will be quite satisfied until he arrives there. This earth is as fair to him as to other men, but it is not Heaven. Earthly friendships are as dear to him as to others. But they are not the communion of saints, and intercourse with Him whom his soul loveth, as it shall be on high. And when he is called to go there, he will not, on the whole, regret the change. There the Saviour intends to gather all his saints. He will not be content until he has them about him. "Father, I will that they

also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me." This was his prayer, and expressed the yearnings of his heart, and in this he will be gratified. "He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied," when He has gathered about him the whole multitude of the redeemed of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, and they stand before him prepared to worship and serve him in that heavenly kingdom. And they too shall be satisfied, when they have once reached that presence, and joined that company. "I shall be satisfied," says the Psalmist, "when I awake in thy likeness." To be like God, and prepared to dwell with him in his purity, holiness, and blessedness, to be qualified to serve him without imperfection or weariness, and in that higher sphere, and through eternal ages; to join that glorious company of prophets, apostles, and martyrs, and share their goodly fellowship, will fill to its utmost capacity any soul. And yet the humblest saint who has fallen asleep in Jesus, has inherited such glory and bliss.

In the catacombs that underlie Rome, where the early Christians hid themselves from persecution, and carried on their worship, and buried their dead, we have a beautiful exhibition of the consolatory power of such a faith. Above these tombs, are the monuments of those classic Pagans, and they breathe nothing but cheerless stoicism, or scoffing epicureanism, or unutterable despair. Their inscriptions are such as these: "O relent-

less fortune, who delightest in cruel death! Why is Maximus so early snatched from me?" "To Secundus, who lived fifty-seven years. Here he enjoyed everything. But baths, wine, and love, ruin our constitution, though they make life what it is. Farewell, farewell!" "While I lived," says another, "I lived well. My play is now ended. Soon yours will be. Farewell. Applaud me." But the moment we turn to the inscriptions over the graves of those humble saints, we find them breathing a different spirit. They exhibit no culture, and little taste. They are often in bad Latin, and the spelling wrong. But they show firm faith in Christ, and a sure hope of a blessed immortality. Perhaps it is simply this: "Victorina sleeps;" or, "Zoticus laid here to sleep;" or, "He sleeps in the peace of the Lord." "Having left your friends," inscribes a husband upon the tomb of his wife, "you have laid down to sleep in peace, and you have deserved such rest, but you will rise again, for only a temporary repose will be granted you." So does the Christian faith lift the humblest soul out of the mire of sensuality, and the gloom of despair, and raise it to companionship with God, and to heavenly aspirations and hopes.

When our friends leave us, cherishing such a faith, and resting in such sure promises, we can hardly call it dying. It is dying when one ends a wordly and unchristian life, with no penitence for sin, or faith in the Redeemer, and with no preparation for heaven. It is dying when one lies down in the grave unreconciled to

God, and under the full dominion of his sins, and incapable of either loving or serving God, if he were admitted into His kingdom. It is dying to lie down under the wrath and curse of a righteous God, and encounter the just abhorrence of all the redeemed, and be driven into eternal banishment from such society, and such bliss. This is death and destruction to such beings as we are. But to lie down to rest after a busy and faithful life; to find relief from the cares and toils which at times are so burdensome; to be set free from our corruptions and griefs, and sin no more, neither sorrow any more; to go up to Heaven to dwell henceforth with God and all the good; to have even these poor bodies re-created, and made immortal, and fitted for a higher sphere of service and enjoyment:—this is not dying, but it is Life;—Eternal Life;—Immortal Life;—in the highest and fullest meaning of such language. And when our friends enter upon such a Life, even though they leave us to do so, shall we grieve immoderately and inconsolably? We may sorrow for ourselves, that we shall see their faces no more in the flesh. We shall be lonely, as we miss their companionship in all the places and paths of life. We shall mourn the loss of their counsel, and sympathy, and example, and prayers, and the burdens of life will be doubly heavy without their aid. We shall regret that the world, and the Church on earth, have lost such worth and services, and wonder if any will be raised up to supply their places. But we dare not mourn for them. They are in Heaven. They are with Christ.

They are blessed now. I seem to hear them say, as their Master did, to his sorrowing friends: "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I go unto the Father." We do rejoice, and smile through our tears. We are glad that they are safe home in Heaven, if we are not. We praise God for the grace that led them thither, and for this revelation and Christian faith, which assure us of such a redemption and salvation.

It is with such consolations and hopes, that we bury our dead to-day.

The wife of your Pastor has lived with you long enough, and been well enough known by you, to justify you in assigning her a place among God's dear saints, and in cherishing in regard to her such blessed hopes. If reverence for God and submission to His will, are marks of piety; if faith in His revelation, and subjection to His law; if repentance for sin, and trust for salvation in the atonement of Christ; if devotion to that Saviour, and that Saviour's work, and the most scrupulous fidelity to religious duties and Christian services; if a humble hope in Christ, and a willing departure to go and be with Him as something far better than to abide in the flesh, however needful this last might seem to us; if these are graces of piety, and the fruits of the Divine Spirit, then may we account her a saint, and believe that "she is not dead, but only sleepeth."

Of her early life, you knew less than of these later years. But her childhood and youth gave promises

that were realized in her maturity. The numerous and sweet blossoms foretold the abundant and rich fruitage that was to follow.

She belonged to a family that was characterized by strong minds, and calm energy. She had been taught to grapple resolutely with difficulties, and in the path of duty always to expect to overcome them. She had been taught to fear God and do right, and then have little fear of any one else. She had been taught to pity the poor, and sympathize with the afflicted, and take sides with the oppressed, and minister to the needy and the suffering, as a necessary part of all true religion. Hers was a home of plenty, and there was always administered abundant hospitality and charity. Piety too was almost hereditary in the family, and that thoughtful, reverential, sturdy piety, which was so eminently Puritan. Such were the influences under which she was nurtured.

In early life she devoted herself personally to Christ, and began to put in practice what had been taught her. In her girlhood, she was sensible and modest, calm and decided, sympathizing and kind, and helpful toward everybody; while she was humble and conscientious, and devout and prayerful toward God, and always abounding in works of piety and Christian charity. She was one of several of her own age, who gave the most decided promise of future worth and usefulness, and who in similar or in other spheres, are fully realizing all that was hoped from them.

Of her life and influence here, where for twenty-five years she has walked before you in all the ordinances of the Lord blameless; where you have been daily witnesses to her conscientiousness and fidelity to every duty; to her humility before God, and kindness to every human creature; to her discretion and prudence; to her prayerfulness and heavenly-mindedness; to her helpfulness to her husband in all the duties of his sacred office; to her unwavering attachment to you, and untiring devotion to your welfare—no stranger can tell you, as you know it for yourselves.

Hers has been a happy life; not so long as we could have wished, but longer than many; and few are more useful. Happy in her early home; happy in her marriage; happy in your unwavering respect and affections; happy in her sphere of usefulness, which she loved so much, and filled so well; happy in the results of such labor, and in the ripened virtues which such labor and such a sphere had developed; and happier still in the friendship of her Saviour, and in the calm and confident hope which she cherished of loving Him more, and serving Him better in Heaven—we may well moderate our grief, and comfort our hearts under this bereavement.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

ADDRESS

BY

REV. DR. BACON.

ADDRESS.

I would ask to be excused from saying a word in addition to what has already been so fitly spoken. But the desire of your Pastor, that I should take some part in these funeral services, cannot but have with me the force of a command which must be freely obeyed.

What, then, shall I, his elder brother in the ministry, and for more than five and twenty years most intimately associated with him in counsels and labors, say to you, his people, mourning with him the death of one whose death, though gain to her, is so great a loss to you as well as to him? I am a fellow-mourner with him and with you; and I can only utter, without premeditation, such thoughts as rise spontaneously to all our minds.

The one feeling which pervades this assembly, is sympathy with him from whose house the wife of his youth has passed away, and who is following her remains to their interment. We may rejoice for her. After years of infirmity and suffering endured with beautiful submission to the will of God, she is at rest. Her work is done. The discipline of this mortal life has had with

her its perfect work. Shall we not give thanks for her who has entered into the joy of her Lord? Our sorrow is for him whose life and hers were one—to whom the separating blow is not less painful for having been so long expected—who had no hope, no joy, no duty or service in which she was not a partner—and whose feeling to-day is as if his life were a broken arch of which the half has already fallen. You who knew what she was in her relation to you, how gentle and faithful, how loving and diligent, cannot but have, in the feeling of your loss, a deep and tender feeling of his far greater loss. At the thought that she will never more be seen in the Church, in the Sabbath School, in the circles of charity or of prayer, which she loved so well, and that her steps will henceforth never cross your thresholds, you cannot but remember him whose house is left to him desolate. This common sorrow may become the bond of a stronger and tenderer sympathy between you and your Pastor. He will love you the more for the love you have borne to her, and for her memory tenderly cherished among you; and you will love him the more for your sympathy with him in his great sorrow.

May we not say, then, that though gone from us, and from earth, she is not lost to those whom she has left behind? Much of her influence, in the sphere which she adorned, outlives her mortal presence. When she came among you, long ago, you received her kindly and loved her for your Pastor's sake, till, having learned her worth by personal acquaintance with her, you learned

to love him the more for her sake. So, now that she has gone, her saintly memory is a new bond between you and him. Not only will he love his people the more for her sake, but he will find a readier access to the hearts and minds of those to whom her name is dear. The children, whom she taught so wisely and faithfully in the Sabbath School, will receive the word of salvation from his lips the more attentively for their affectionate remembrance of the lessons which she gave them. In the dwellings of the poor, in the chamber of sickness, in every association of beneficence which she adorned, in every family that knew her and loved her, his presence will be the more welcome for her sake. Nor in such ways only will she be helpful to him in his ministry. For these five and twenty years she has been his most intimate and constant adviser. His habits of thought have been modified by hers. Her feminine tact and intuition have aided his judgment. He has seen through her eyes as well as through his own. Her loving criticism has encouraged and guided his public labors. The books which he has studied, the questions of doctrine or of duty which he has considered, the movements of Christian enterprise in which he has had a part, have interested her, and without her influence, his entire activity and influence in his ministry would have differed from what it has been. And how can she be separated from his consciousness now? The home in which she has presided so long, and which is darkened to-day by her removal, will yet be, to his thought

and feeling, full of her gentle influence. Her remembered sayings, her suggestions and counsels, incorporated into his ways of thinking, the books they have read together, or which one has read and reported to the other, will guide and stimulate his mind not only in his private studies, but here also in his public ministration of the Word. Such is always the influence of a thoughtful, discreet, and loving wife upon and through a thoughtful and loving husband. Her influence cannot die while he outlives her.

When one so loved is taken away, how many are the memorials at home which bring back as it were the very presence of the departed one! So it will be in the house which is desolate to-day. Sometimes the silence in the rooms once so cheerful with the loved presence that is there no more, will seem to be listening for her footsteps. Sometimes the most trivial memento will be suddenly charged with an electric power. Not only the treasured keepsake, valued long ago, will put on a new value; but that which was, last week, only an unconsidered trifle, may be found to have become invested with memories that make it precious. Old letters are redolent of the health and youth in which she wrote them. The traces of her industry and skill—perhaps in some piece of work which she left unfinished—tell of the dextrous fingers that were once so busy. The texts which she marked in her Bible—the hymns which she loved best—the little snatches perhaps of fugitive poetry, which she had saved from the newspapers, are as if her voice were lingering still this side of heaven.

Two little fragments from newspapers were found in her work-basket among the latest things on which her hands were employed; and they are so significant in relation to her life and her death, that I may be allowed to repeat them here.

"So should we live, that every hour
May die, as dies the natural flower—
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed."

Thus she lived, each day of mortal life connected by ties of duty and of hope with the immortal life to come. Knowing in whom she had believed, and that He is able to keep that which she had committed to Him, she could watch the slow approach of death, waiting in cheerful patience for her hour. Most fitly might she whisper to herself her own habitual thought, through those long months of lingering disease, in words which seem as if they had been prepared expressly for her use:

"Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then, from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies."

Thus has she died. Be it ours to follow them who through faith and patience have inherited the promises.

ADDRESS AT THE GRAVE,

BY

REV. PROFESSOR WILLIAM B. CLARKE,

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH IN YALE COLLEGE.

ADDRESS OF PROFESSOR CLARKE.*

We pay the last offices of our respect to this dust. We are very confident that our friend has already entered upon the higher, and to her more congenial life of the heavenly world. That world was not unfamiliar to her. She was deeply convinced of the reality and of the nearness of the unseen and spiritual things, and it is perhaps the noblest that can be said of her, that her life seemed ever to be in accordance with this conviction. She was full of thoughtful and earnest love of the truth. It is given to few to be able to approach so nearly into the inner sanctuary of truth. She had warmth of love for it, strength of mind to apprehend it, and a peculiar singleness of mind to receive it without prejudice and in its simplicity. She was full of a hearty sympathy with right, especially with the rights of men. This sympathy expressed itself in action. She loved duty, and even according to the great measure of her opportunities, she filled her life with good

* Prof. Clarke was an intimate and beloved friend of Mrs. Dutton, a member in early youth of the North Church, and for years a pupil in the Sabbath School of which she was one of the Superintendents.

deeds. She had a very true reverence toward God. She lived not merely as in His *sight*, but as *seeing* Him who is invisible.

We shall no longer be animated by her example, inspired by her conversation, or sustained by her delightful sympathy; but we have one blessing which cannot be taken from us. It has been permitted us to know her. We have had the sight of this noble life. We have felt its power. For one, I count the very children happy who are old enough to have come within her influence, and to remember her. Let us cherish her memory. Let earth be more sacred to us for this grave. Let our faith be stronger in that world to which God gathers home those whom He loves.

EXTRACT

FROM

A SERMON PREACHED IN THE NORTH CHURCH,

NEW HAVEN, JULY 1, 1864,

THE SECOND SABBATH AFTER

MRS. DUTTON'S DEATH,

BY HER HUSBAND.

JOHN XIV. 28.

"If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice because I said, I go unto the Father."

We should not understand these words of our Lord as expressing any doubt of the reality and strength of the love of his disciples. He knew that they loved him as they loved no one else, and indeed that their love to him was one great cause of their sorrow at the thought of his departure from them. His meaning plainly is as if he had said, "You may love me earnestly, but you do not love me wisely. If your love was intelligent and wise, you would rejoice because I said that I am soon to leave this condition, in which I have been, of poverty and suffering and sorrow, to be with the Father, and to possess the glory and felicity which I had with the Father before the world was. For a wise love delights in the improved condition and blessedness of the person beloved."

There is also, perhaps, this shade of meaning, as if he had said, "If you loved me with entire purity, without any alloy of selfishness, you would forget your personal loss in my exceeding gain."

There was also, undoubtedly, this additional meaning: "If ye loved me intelligently and wisely, you would rejoice on your own account, because I go to the Father: for I go to finish the gracious work undertaken

for you;" even as He afterwards said, "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away the Comforter (the Holy Ghost) will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you."

The principle, thus declared by our Lord with respect to the feeling of his disciples concerning his departure, is true when applied to us and to our feeling concerning the departure of our Christian friends by death. They depart to be with Christ, and in the presence of the Father, which, as the apostle says, is far better, or as a more exact translation gives it, "better beyond all expression." And so we may say, if our love for them is intelligent, and wise, and unselfish, we shall rejoice that they have gone to be with Christ and the Father.

It is well for us to dwell on this truth. For we are sometimes inclined, so strong is the force of our senses, to think of deceased Christian friends as in the darkness of the grave, bereaved of life and welfare. And still more are we inclined in our self-love, so much is our self-love mingled with our love for our friends, to think of our loss more than of their gain.

The great reason why we should rejoice, when our Christian friends leave us by death, is the great superiority of the state on which they have entered over the state in which they were here.

(The body of the discourse, illustrating this general truth by various particular truths, is omitted.)

Well, then, may we rejoice when our Christian friends enter on that state, even according to the measure of our love for them.

"If ye loved me ye would rejoice, because I *said* I go unto the Father."

There is an additional and important shade of meaning brought out by placing the emphasis on the words, "I said." If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I *said* I go unto the Father." It indicates the assurance which Christ had beforehand that he was going to the Father, and to experience all the glory and the felicity involved in that transition.

So it is a blessed thing for Christian friends to be assured before their departure, and in the hour of their departure, that they go to be with Christ, and to enjoy all that exceeding superiority of condition which we have at this time contemplated. It is true, indeed, that the great, infinitely the greatest matter, is the fact of entrance upon the rest and joy of the Lord. But it is a blessed experience to be *assured beforehand* of this, as many are, and as some, who are real Christians, are not. For, it takes away all the fear and sting of death, and gives peace and triumph to the soul amid the trying scenes of dissolution. And that peace and triumph is reflected into the bereaved hearts of the surviving.

There is an application of this subject to our present condition of bereavement, mine and yours, which I wish to make, if I can sufficiently command my utterance. I say mine and yours: for your sympathy, so generally and effectually expressed, assures me that the bereavement is felt by you as well as by me.

A few days more than a year since, in preaching on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of my ordination in this church, speaking of the changes that had occurred and are occurring, I said; "And over my house has come of late a dark cloud in the threatening illness of one dearer to me than my own soul, your considerate and liberal kindness to whom has bound you to me in still closer bonds of affection." The event, which cast that dark shadow before, has come! Notwithstanding all our efforts for years to avert it; notwithstanding that long and trying voyage to a distant clime, and the dreary separation of nine months; notwithstanding all that human skill and kindness could do,—it has come!

In the experience of that event, we are happily directed how to command and exercise our views and feelings, by the subject which we have now considered.

1. Let us then *rejoice because our beloved one has entered on the infinitely superior heavenly condition*—has gone to be with Christ, which is better beyond all expression than to be here. This is the dictate of our love to her: for love, purely and wisely exercised, rejoices in the improved and blessed condition of the beloved one. It would be selfishness in us to think more of our loss than of her infinite gain. For myself, I can say, that by grace I am enabled to imitate the unselfishness and self-forgetfulness, of which she was in all things a worthy example, so far as to rejoice continually that she is experiencing the rest, the purity, the peace, the joy

of our Lord, and to think little comparatively of my loneliness and bereavement. She is blessed. And that is to me a continual and sustaining joy, which overbears my sorrows. Indeed, I feel moved to rebuke myself for all consideration of my personal loss, as an impertinence in the presence of the thought that she is infinitely blessed in the beatific vision of God and the Lamb. So let it be with you.

2. And then, in the second place, *let us soften our sorrow by continual thankfulness for God's grace to her and to us through her.* This I am enabled to do habitually.

First of all, I thank God that by His grace He made her meet for the inheritance of the saints in light; and by His grace and power has introduced her to the blessed experience of that inheritance.

Then I thank Him that by his grace He gave her beforehand the assurance, that whenever she passed away she would enter into the heavenly rest: so that she felt no anxiety about the future, either as to the result of plans for recovery of health, or as to the time or experience of death, and when it was announced to her that death was near, she was full of peace, saying, "I have committed myself in faith to Christ, I believe I am accepted—and there I rest."

I am thankful for the beautifully appropriate time of her death. She passed from a Sabbath on earth to a Sabbath in heaven. Her sun went down at the noon of life. It was noon of the Lord's day when she died.

And she passed to the fellowship of the saints in light when you, the company of saints whom she specially loved, were expressing your fellowship with Christ, and with each other, at His table; and she breathed her last just as you were singing for your closing hymn, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me, * * *

> "While I draw this fleeting breath,
> When mine eyelids close in death,
> When I rise to worlds unknown,
> And behold Thee on Thy throne,
> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

The Sabbath, the Lord's Supper, that Christian hymn, will be all the more precious to me hereafter.

I thank God for all the benefits which He has given me through her. It is a great boon to have experienced such a blessing for twenty-six years. I need not tell you that her counsel, and her silent influence, more powerful than spoken counsel, always moved me toward what is right and good—to integrity, to Christian industry, to prayerfulness, to humanity, to self-denying benevolence, to pious fidelity. It is more necessary to say (what you could not fully know) that she was very helpful to me in my ministry intellectually. She was a diligent and successful student of religious truth, especially as found in the word of God. And her conversation and suggestions were very helpful and valuable. Indeed, if I had a difficult subject to think out, there was no one to whom I had access from whose conversation I could receive so much aid as from her.

In the power of insight into moral and religious truth, and the power to discern its bearings on life and conduct, I have for years reverently regarded her as my superior. I thank God for her helpfulness to me in my ministry for twenty-six years.

I am thankful, too, for her Christian activity and usefulness among my people and the community. She was enabled, by her comparative freedom from maternal cares, to devote herself, more than ministers wives usually can, to works of Christian influence and benevolence outside of my family. Only a general reference to these works is necessary, for they are well known to many. She superintended the Sabbath School, as to its female department, for twenty-five years. For the greater part of that time she habitually attended the Teachers' meeting on Saturday evening. Many, and not a few who are now in the Christian ministry, have experienced, and have gratefully acknowledged, the benefit which they have received from her views of scriptural truth, presented by her on these occasions, in the study of the Sabbath School lesson. For many years, when she had strength for it, she habitually visited a district in the extreme eastern part of the city, benefiting a large number of families there by the distribution of Christian books and tracts, and still more by her Christian conversation and her deeds of kindness. Many in that district, after years have passed away, remember her with gratitude and affection. She presided over our Benevolent Society, or Social Circle, from the time

of its formation, ten or twelve years ago. For many years, while her strength allowed, she was an habitual attendant on one or two meetings, of Christian women for social prayer, and a leading participant in the services. And in all those numerous works of goodness which are so gracefully and effectually done by Christian women, she was ever ready to bear a part. I know that you will thank God with me, for this service rendered through so many years to your spiritual interests, and the interests of this community.

I thank God, also, for the memory of her example, her instructions, her counsels—the influence of her whole character and works. They are with me still. Death cannot take them away. So let it be with you.

And, finally, I thank God for the assurance that our separation will not be long. Heaven is nearer to me, as well as dearer, on account of her presence there. And I pray for grace to be faithful and patient, till the fellowship, now sundered, shall be restored, and made pure and blessed as Heaven.

So let it be with you.